1982 FIRST COMICS 1987
FIFTH
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EVANGELINE
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WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?

It is the 22nd century, and many things have changed... humans have colonized the stars and made great technological advances. And many things remain the same... they still persecute each other for their beliefs. Enter **Evangeline**: executioner and saviour. A woman with a dark past and one unswerving allegiance.

She is an expert at hand-to-hand combat, demolitions and electronics, and is proficient with a wide variety of weapons — but she has a special affinity for the old-fashioned bow and arrow. Often introduced as a countess, only a few friends know what she truly is. Among them are **Cardinal Szn**, the Vatican head of intelligence who recruited her and assigns her missions; **Brian Hager** who helped train her; and **Jonny Six**, a thief who sees Evangeline as more than a consummate professional.

What is Evangeline? She is an avenger and protector of those persecuted for their beliefs, or persecuted in the name of the new religion — science.

Who is Evangeline? She's a nun — a very *dangerous* nun.

LAST ISSUE: In Evangeline's first mission, she and Brian learned that "street girls" were being kidnapped from Euro-II cities and then used as host-mothers for specially designed human embryos — an attempt to clone "natural" star pilots. They rescued who they could from the space station, but now, after a five year search, Evangeline's out to find the children...

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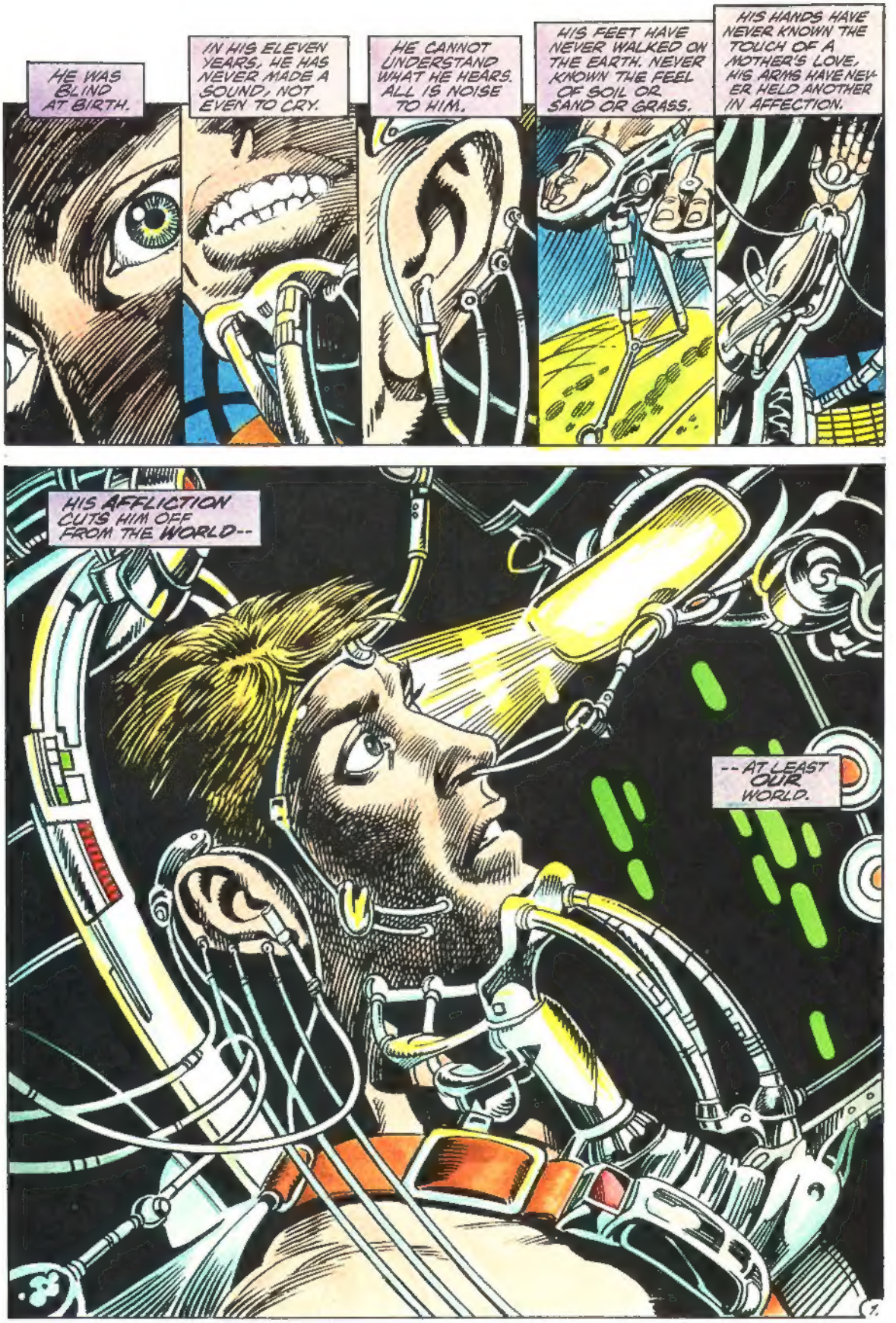
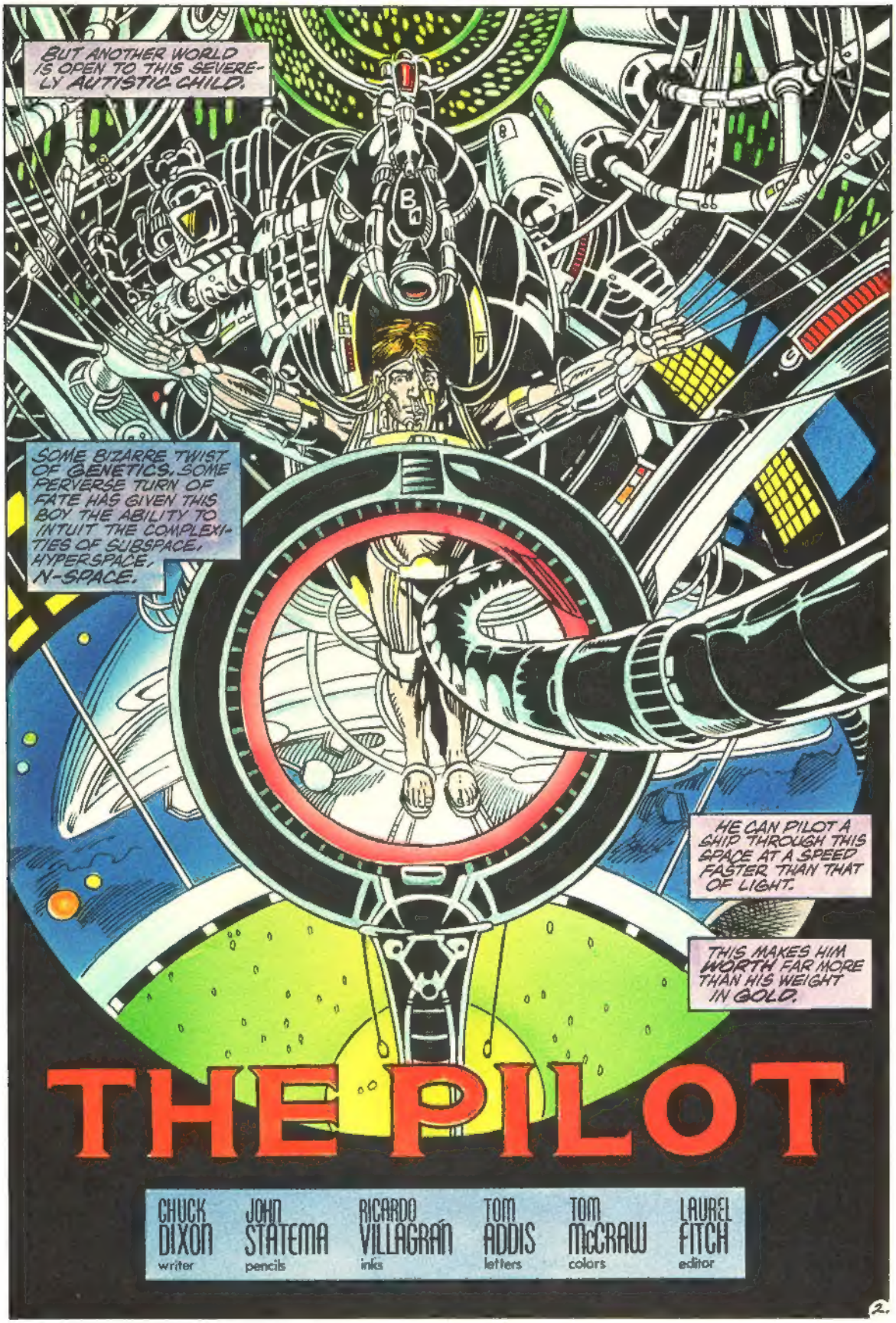
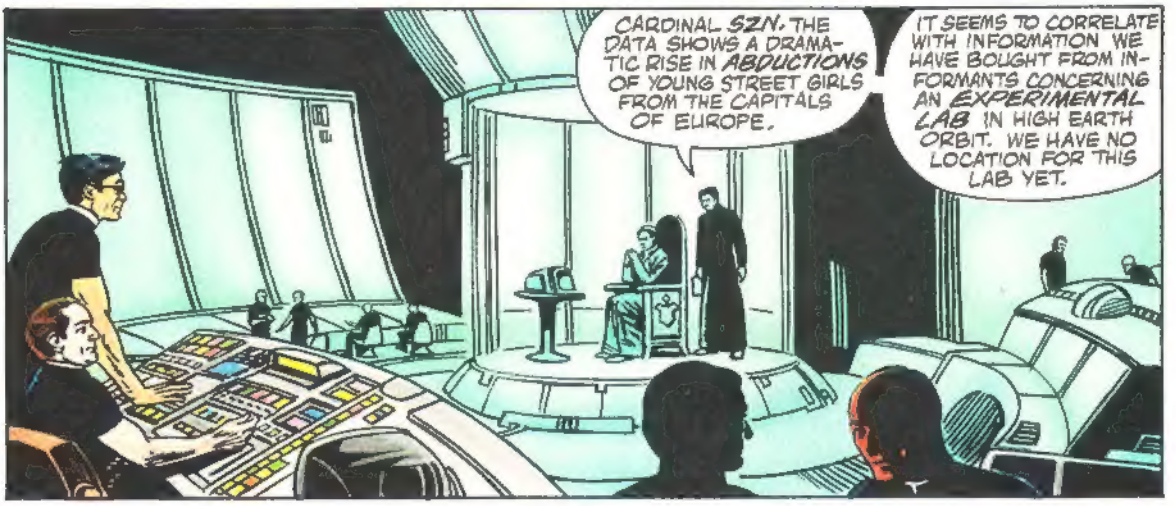
A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION


HE WAS BLIND AT BIRTH.
IN HIS ELEVEN YEARS, HE HAS NEVER MADE A SOUND, NOT EVEN TO CRY.
HE CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHAT HE HEARS. ALL IS NOISE TO HIM.
HIS FEET HAVE NEVER WALKED ON THE EARTH. NEVER KNOWN THE FEEL OF SOIL OR SAND OR GRASS.
HIS HANDS HAVE NEVER KNOWN THE TOUCH OF A MOTHER'S LOVE, HIS ARMS HAVE NEVER HELD ANOTHER IN AFFECTION.
HIS AFFLICTION CUTS HIM OFF FROM THE WORLD--
-- AT LEAST OUR WORLD.


BUT ANOTHER WORLD IS OPEN TO THIS SEVERELY AUTISTIC CHILD.
SOME BIZARRE TWIST OF GENETICS, SOME PERVERSE TURN OF FATE HAS GIVEN THIS BOY THE ABILITY TO INTUIT THE COMPLEXITIES OF SUBSPACE, HYPERSPACE, N-SPACE.
HE CAN PILOT A SHIP THROUGH THIS SPACE AT A SPEED FASTER THAN THAT OF LIGHT.
THIS MAKES HIM WORTH FAR MORE THAN HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD.
THE PILOT
CHUCK DIXON writer
JOHN STATEMA pencils
RICARDO VILLAGRÁN inks
TOM ADDIS letters
TOM McCRAW colors
LAUREL FITCH editor

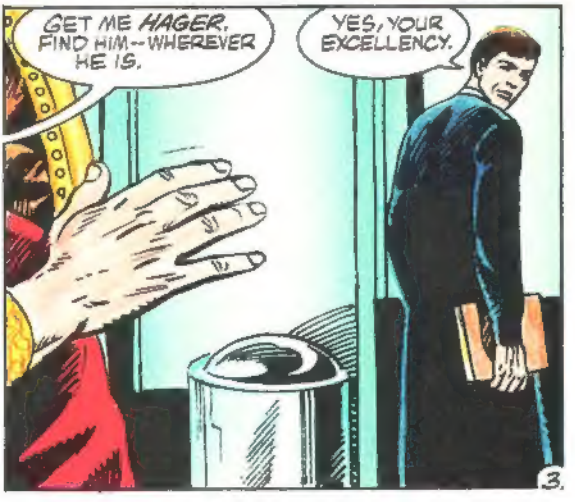
ROME. THE CENTURY AFTER NEXT.
AND WHAT DO THESE PAPERS MEAN, FIORE?

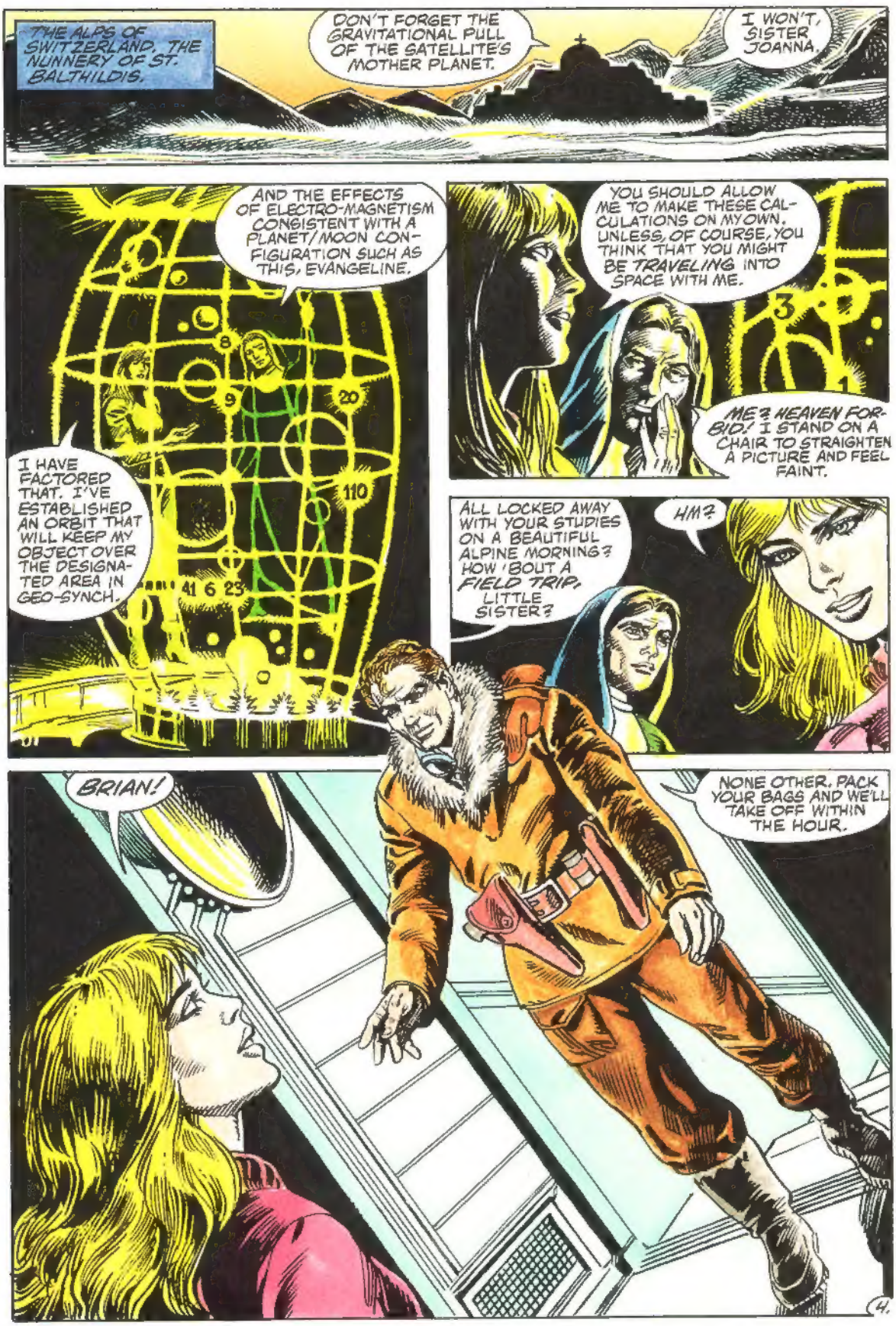

CARDINAL SZN. THE DATA SHOWS A DRAMATIC RISE IN ABDUCTIONS OF YOUNG STREET GIRLS FROM THE CAPITALS OF EUROPE.
IT SEEMS TO CORRELATE WITH INFORMATION WE HAVE BOUGHT FROM INFORMANTS CONCERNING AN EXPERIMENTAL LAB IN HIGH EARTH ORBIT. WE HAVE NO LOCATION FOR THIS LAB YET.

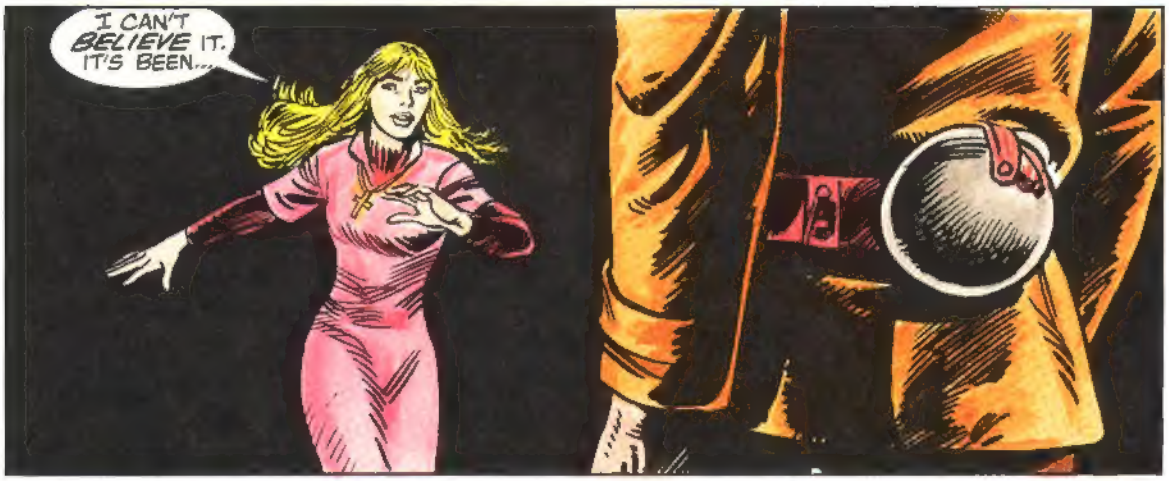
WHAT SORT OF LAB, FIORE?
GENETIC EXPERIMENTATION.
WITH HUMANS?
YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY.

THE CURIA IS BLIND TO THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE WORLD TODAY. THE TECHNOLOGY OF EVIL ABROAD IN SPACE WILL CONSTANTLY LEAP BEYOND OUR GRASP UNLESS WE MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO KEEP UP!

THESE SCIENTIFIC WONDERS THAT MANKIND HAS WROUGHT OPEN NEW DOORS TO CORRUPTION AND SIN. WE MUST STAY CURRENT WITH THEM.
IT SEEMS THE CLOSER MAN GETS TO THE STARS, THE NEARER HE IS TO SATAN.


GET ME HAGER. FIND HIM--WHEREVER HE IS.
YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY.


THE ALPS OF SWITZERLAND. THE NUNNERY OF ST. BALTHILDIS.
DON'T FORGET THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF THE SATELLITE'S MOTHER PLANET.
I WON'T, SISTER JOANNA.
AND THE EFFECTS OF ELECTRO-MAGNETISM CONSISTENT WITH A PLANET/MOON CONFIGURATION SUCH AS THIS, EVANGELINE.
I HAVE FACTORED THAT. I'VE ESTABLISHED AN ORBIT THAT WILL KEEP MY OBJECT OVER THE DESIGNATED AREA IN GEO-SYNCH.
YOU SHOULD ALLOW ME TO MAKE THESE CALCULATIONS ON MY OWN. UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU THINK THAT YOU MIGHT BE TRAVELING INTO SPACE WITH ME.
ME? HEAVEN FORBID! I STAND ON A CHAIR TO STRAIGHTEN A PICTURE AND FEEL FAINT.
ALL LOCKED AWAY WITH YOUR STUDIES ON A BEAUTIFUL ALPINE MORNING? HOW 'BOUT A FIELD TRIP, LITTLE SISTER?
HM?
BRIAN!
NONE OTHER. PACK YOUR BAGS AND WE'LL TAKE OFF WITHIN THE HOUR.


I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. IT'S BEEN...

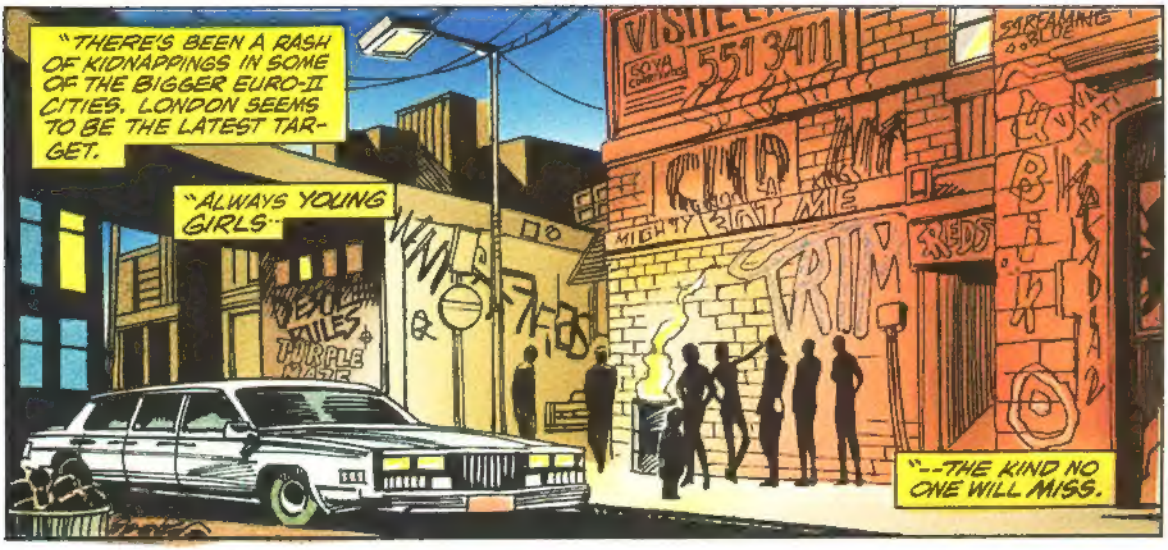
... SO LONG.
TWO YEARS, ALMOST. I SEE YOUR SCHOOLING HAS COME A LONG WAY. QUANTUM PHYSICS AND ASTROGATION. I'M IMPRESSED.

WHO AUTHORIZED YOU TO COME HERE? THIS IS A CLOISTERED ORDER.
YOUR BOSS'S ORDERS, MOTHER SUPERIOR. THE CARDINAL NEEDS EVANGELINE HERE FOR A MISSION.

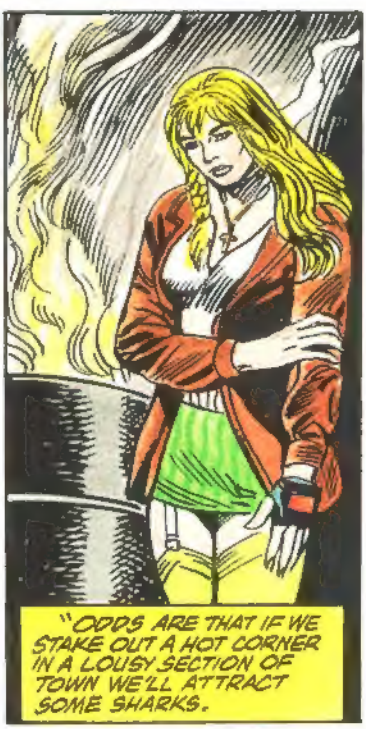
A MISSION? SO SOON? I WAS NOT EXPECTING TO BE CALLED FOR ANOTHER YEAR.
WELL, SOMETHING CAME UP, LITTLE SISTER.

SHE HAS NOT FINISHED HER TRAINING. WHY DOES THE CARDINAL CALL HER NOW?

LET'S JUST SAY SHE FITS THE DEMOGRAPHICS.


"THERE'S BEEN A RASH OF KIDNAPPINGS IN SOME OF THE BIGGER EURO-II CITIES. LONDON SEEMS TO BE THE LATEST TARGET.
"ALWAYS YOUNG GIRLS..
"--THE KIND NO ONE WILL MISS.

"LORD KNOWS WHERE THEY GET THEIR INFORMATION, BUT WORD ON THE STREET IS THAT THE GIRLS ARE BEING GRABBED TO MAKE BABIES.


"ODDS ARE THAT IF WE STAKE OUT A HOT CORNER IN A LOUSY SECTION OF TOWN WE'LL ATTRACT SOME SHARKS.

"FOR THAT WE NEED BAIT."
10
20
30
40

LOOKS LIKE A RIGHT ONE THERE. THE BLONDE.
6.

IT'S YOUR LUCKY NIGHT, DOLLY.
UM?
BETTER LOOK SHARP, HE MIGHT CHANGE 'IS MIND.
'OO, LOOK AT THAT CAR, WILLYA?
ASK 'IM IF HE WANTS COMPANY, LOVE.
SO WHAT'S YOU WANT? THERE'S A CROWD OF YER. I AIN'T DOIN' GROUP RATES, Y'KNOW.
NO PROBLEM. LOTS OF CASH, SEE? NOW GET IN THE CAR.
WHAT A DEEPY CAR. WE GONNA PARTY HERE, OR UPTOWN?
UPTOWN FOR CERTAIN. IT'S A PARTY YOU'LL NEVER FORGET.
'EY. WHAT'S THAT? I AIN'T GOIN' FOR NO-THING FREAKY!
IT'S JUST SOMETHING TO RELAX YOU.

I WAS BORN BLOODY RELAXED! I DON'T NEED NO MANKY DRUGS!
URRK!
YOU...
LITTLE...
BITCH...
WHUP
PSSSHT
SHOULDN'T HAVE HIT HER.
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
BASTARDS.
DAMN SURE WON'T MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO HER ONE BIT...

BRRRM
UH?
SCREEE
BRRRRRT

KUH-KRAASSH
SCREEGREEP
HURRY! GET HER INTO THE HOLDING CELL!
SHUT UP!
SCREEEEEE
BRUDDA
BRUDDA
TOC
TOC
TOC

UNNF!
HEY!
GUSH!
OW!
DON'T BREATHE. DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT BREATHING.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

Random Remarks by the Editor

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING ABOUT?

A few months ago, the editor-in-chief of a reasonably large, fairly respectable comics publishing company proclaimed that comics had become "too depressing," and he felt it was time to put some "fun" back in them. Well, we all had a good laugh at his expense and then got disgustingly drunk celebrating the obvious demise of an erstwhile competitor.

"Fun" comics? Come on. We all know that the only really *good* comics nowadays are ones in which the protagonist 1) Realizes he's getting older and will probably end up a victim of premature senility from too many severe blows to the head, and then he spends all his time being moody and surly; 2) Kills a whole mess o' thoroughly reprehensible, unrehabilitatable, scum-sucking maggots to prove he's not so old after all, and then he feels bad about it; and 3) Inadvertently reduces a major metropolitan area or continent to radioactive slag because he really *is* getting older and his reflexes aren't all they used to be, and then he sulks around the house.

Right?

Hey, I might be tooting my own horn here, but I like to think that First has been at the forefront of this brave new age of wheezing old geezers with chips on their shoulders that are now all the rage in the medium. We dumped that "fun" stuff way back. In fact, this job hasn't been "fun" for years! This is serious literature here, one chuckle could send the entire industry spiraling back down into the miasma of illigitimacy.

I mean, a lot of dedicated, hardworking, talented professionals have poured a lot of sweat into vicious, personal attacks against each other in their attempts to elevate comics from the lowly status of a "genre" to the lofty heights of a "legitimate" medium. What would happen if somebody started publishing *unserious* comics? Can you imagine the repercussions if somebody put out a lighthearted or (gasp!) *humorous* comic book?

No, of course you can't. When was the last time you even *saw* a humorous comic book, let alone actually *read* one?

And that, of course, is as it should be. We can't allow these walking anachronisms to undo all our work with a single bad one-liner! No sireebob! So here's what I think you should do: Boycott any store that sells anything other than dead-serious, suicidally depressing comics. Better yet, march right in there, seize the offending books from the racks, throw them out into the street, and *burn* them! There's no place for them in our legitimate medium! Why, if we allow them a foothold now, there's no telling what kind of heretical material might soon sprout up! Before you know it, just about *anything* could show up in a comic book story!

> ***"This is serious literature here; one chuckle could send the entire industry spiraling back down into the miasma of illigitimacy."***

Hang on a minute... I thought that was the whole idea in the first place.

In fact, now that I think about it, comics have always been a legitimate medium. Certain genres have dominated the medium from time to time, but there have always been comics that explored a wide variety of subjects. Only our own preconceptions have blinded us to the potential of the medium, and only our own insecurities have imbued us with an obsession to persuade others that our chosen reading material is "legitimate."

But when you get right down to it, what difference does it make? Will you enjoy comics more if corporate executives glance at you approvingly because they think you're reading something as weighty and opressive as *Crime and Punishment*? Will you enjoy them any less if uninformed bozos cop an attitude about you?

I sincerely hope the answer to both those questions is a resounding "NO!" Then we can all get back to the serious business of reading and enjoying comics — and occasionally having a good laugh at our own expense.

—Rick Oliver

FIRST IN MAY

Lone Wolf and Cub #13: By **Kazuo Koike** and **Goseki Kojima.** Cover painting by **Bill Sienkiewicz.**

Badger #39: By **Mike Baron** and **Neil Hansen.**

Evangeline #9: By **Charles Dixon, John Statema,** and **Ricardo Villagran.** Bi-monthly series.

Nexus #48: Part four of six-part Nexus/Badger crossover. By **Mike Baron** and **Steve Rude.** $1.75.

Dreadstar #38: By **Jim Starlin, Luke McDonnell,** and **Val Mayerik.** Bi-monthly series.

Grimjack #50: Special 50th anniversary issue. By **John Ostrander** and **Tom Mandrake.**

Whisper #16: By **Steven Grant** and **Spyder.**

Howard Chaykin's American Flagg! #5: By **Howard Chaykin, Mike Vosburg, John Moore, Richard Ory, Tony Van de Walle** and **Ken Bruzenak.**

Crossroads #3: Badger and **Luther Ironheart** meet for the first time. By **Roger Salick** and **Joe Staton.** Prestige Format. 48 pages. Monthly, five-issue limited series.

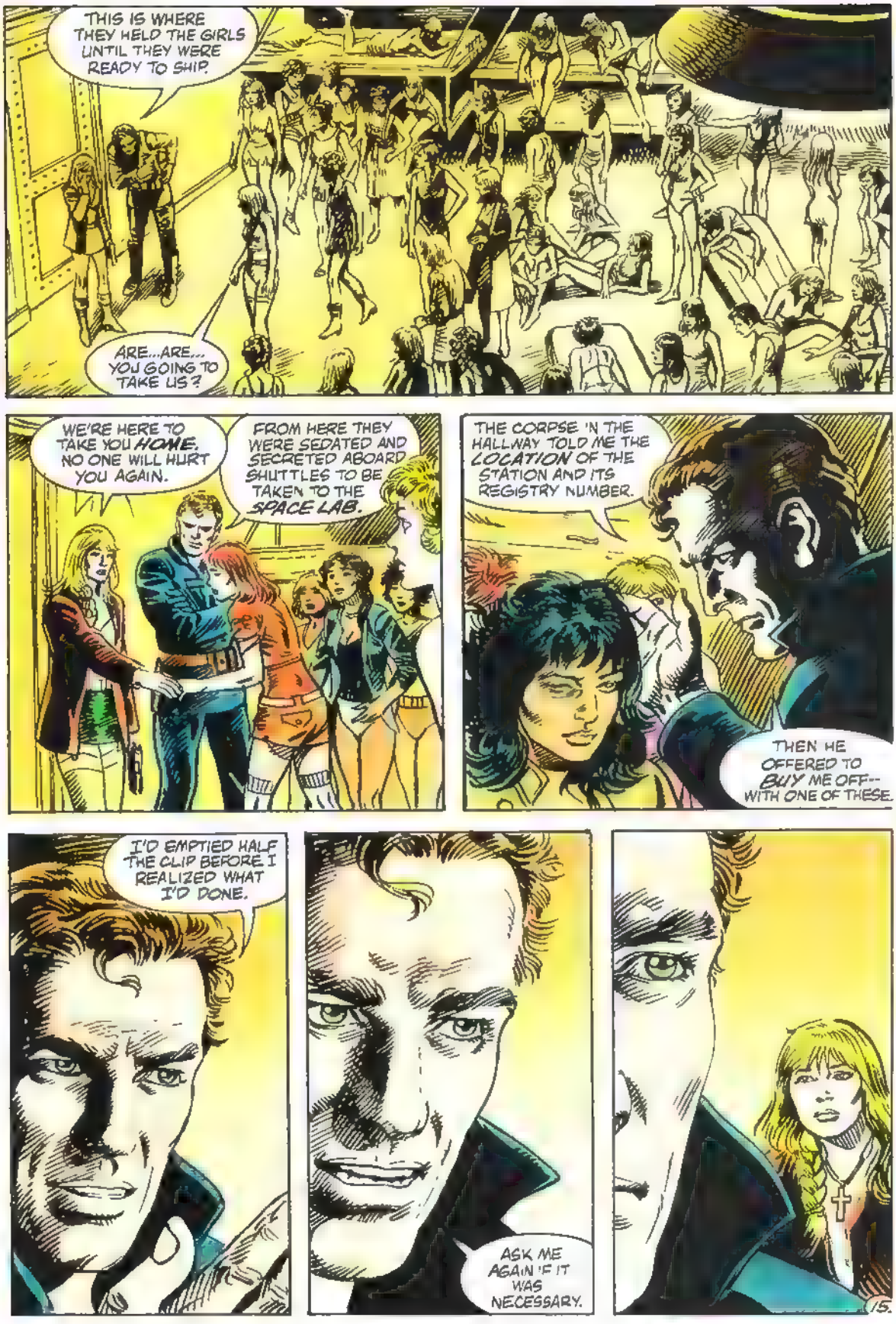
Chronicles of Corum #11: By **Mark Shainblum, Ken Hooper** and **Kelley Jones.** Cover by **Mike Mignola** and **P. Craig Russell.** Bi-monthly series.

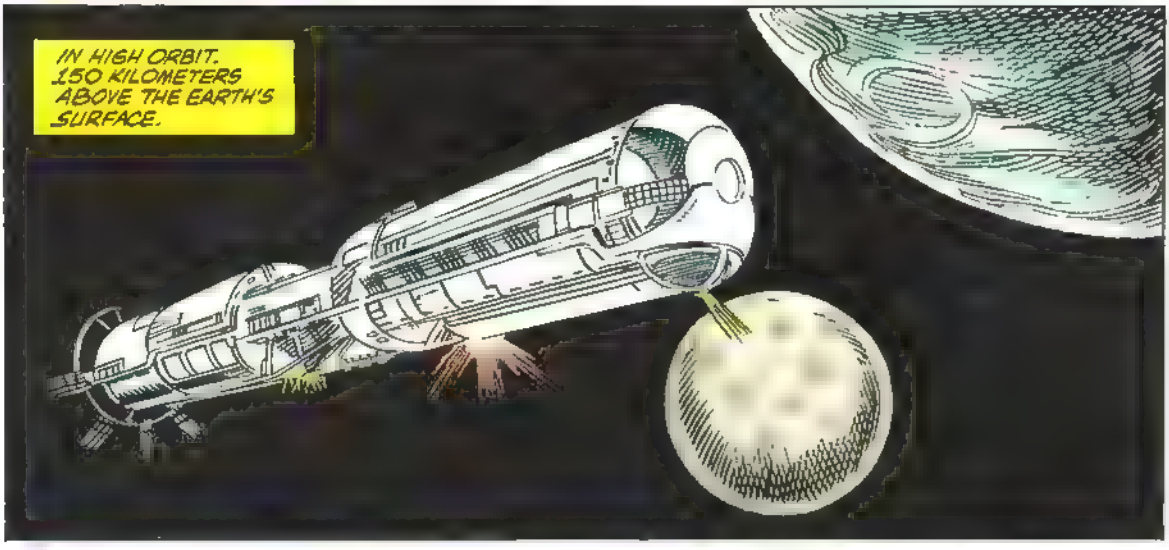
Sable #7: By **Marv Wolfman, Bill Jaaska,** and **Doug Hazlewood.**

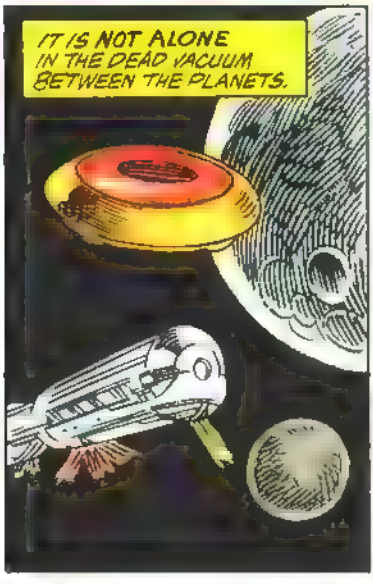
ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS A SHOWER. AFTER TWO WEEKS OF THIS, I FEEL LIKE I'LL NEVER GET CLEAN.
I THINK WE HIT THE GOLD MINE WITH THIS LOT. HOW ARE YOU HOLDIN' UP? I TANKED YOU UP GOOD TO KEEP THEIR DRUG FROM KNOCKING YOU OUT.
LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE THINGS WELL IN HAND HERE, LITTLE SISTER.
JUST FINE. THIS ONE IS THE LEADER, I THINK.
THEN YOU COME WITH ME, MATE. I GOT SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU.
AND I'D BETTER LIKE YOUR ANSWERS OR YOU'LL BE TALKIN' THROUGH A NEW HOLE IN YOUR FACE.
COME ON, GIRLY. WHY NOT LET US GO? WE DIDN'T HURT YOU OR NOTHIN'.
12

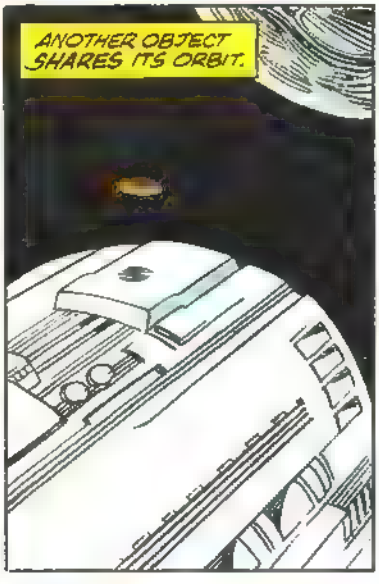
BLAM
DOES ANYONE ELSE WANT TO BE EXCUSED?
BRRRT
NOW FOR THE REST OF YOU.
I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH THIS. I'M FEELING QUITE CHRISTIAN ABOUT NOW. IF YOU LOT ARE OUT OF MY SIGHT IN FIVE SECONDS--I WON'T KILL YOU.

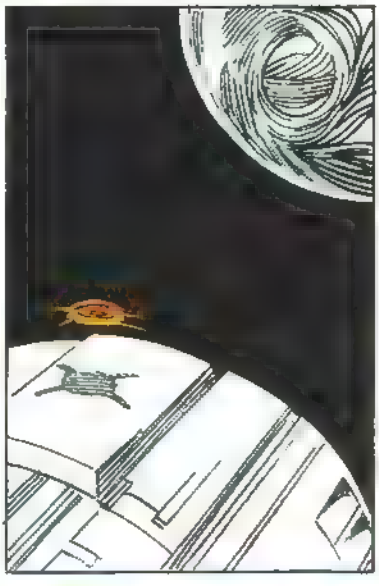
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, GIRL? THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE BEEN IN THE M'DDLE OF TH'S SORT OF THING.
NOT THE FIRST-- AND MY TIME WITH PHILLIP WAS NO HOLIDAY EITHER
THIS IS NO GAME, EVANGEL.NE. YOU DON'T JUST PICK UP AND GO HOME-- PEOPLE DIE. GOOD PEOPLE AND BAD. YOU HAVE TO CARRY THAT.
I CAN CARRY IT, BRIAN. I'M FINE.
THIS WAY THEN. LITTLE SISTER SOME MORE WE.GHT FOR YOUR YOUNG SHOULDERS.
WAS IT NECESSARY?
FOLLOW ME AND THEN TELL ME IF KILL'N' HIM WAS SOMETHING THAT NEEDED DOIN'.
14.

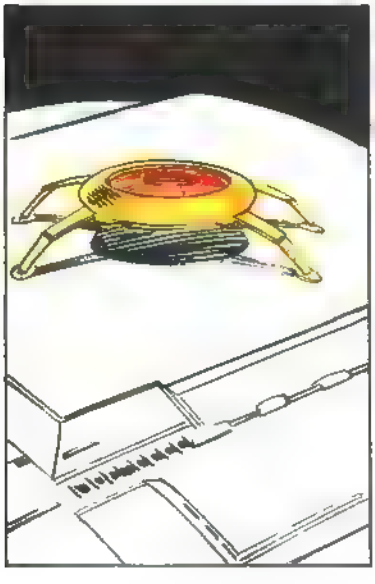

THIS IS WHERE THEY HELD THE GIRLS UNTIL THEY WERE READY TO SHIP.
ARE...ARE... YOU GOING TO TAKE US?
WE'RE HERE TO TAKE YOU HOME. NO ONE WILL HURT YOU AGAIN.
FROM HERE THEY WERE SEDATED AND SECRETED ABOARD SHUTTLES TO BE TAKEN TO THE SPACE LAB.
THE CORPSE 'N THE HALLWAY TOLD ME THE LOCATION OF THE STATION AND ITS REGISTRY NUMBER.
THEN HE OFFERED TO BUY ME OFF-- WITH ONE OF THESE.
I'D EMPTIED HALF THE CLIP BEFORE I REALIZED WHAT I'D DONE.
ASK ME AGAIN IF IT WAS NECESSARY.
15.

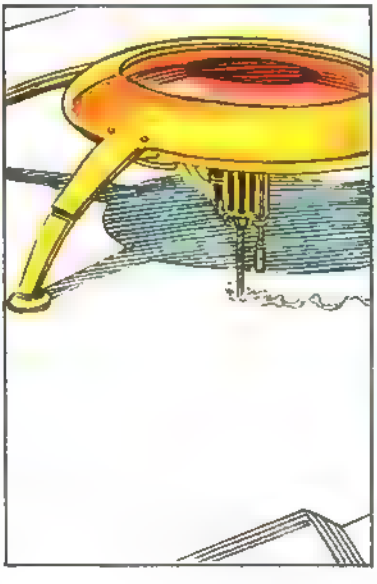

IN HIGH ORBIT. 150 KILOMETERS ABOVE THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

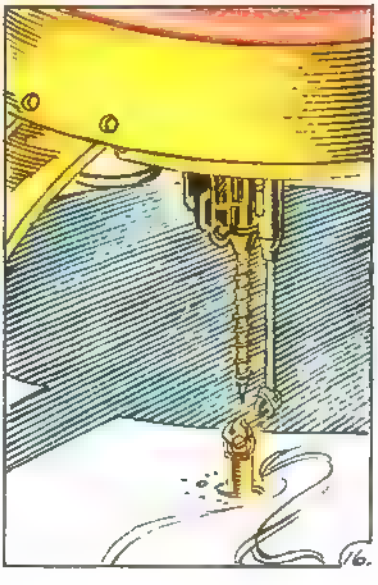

IT IS NOT ALONE IN THE DEAD VACUUM BETWEEN THE PLANETS.


ANOTHER OBJECT SHARES ITS ORBIT.

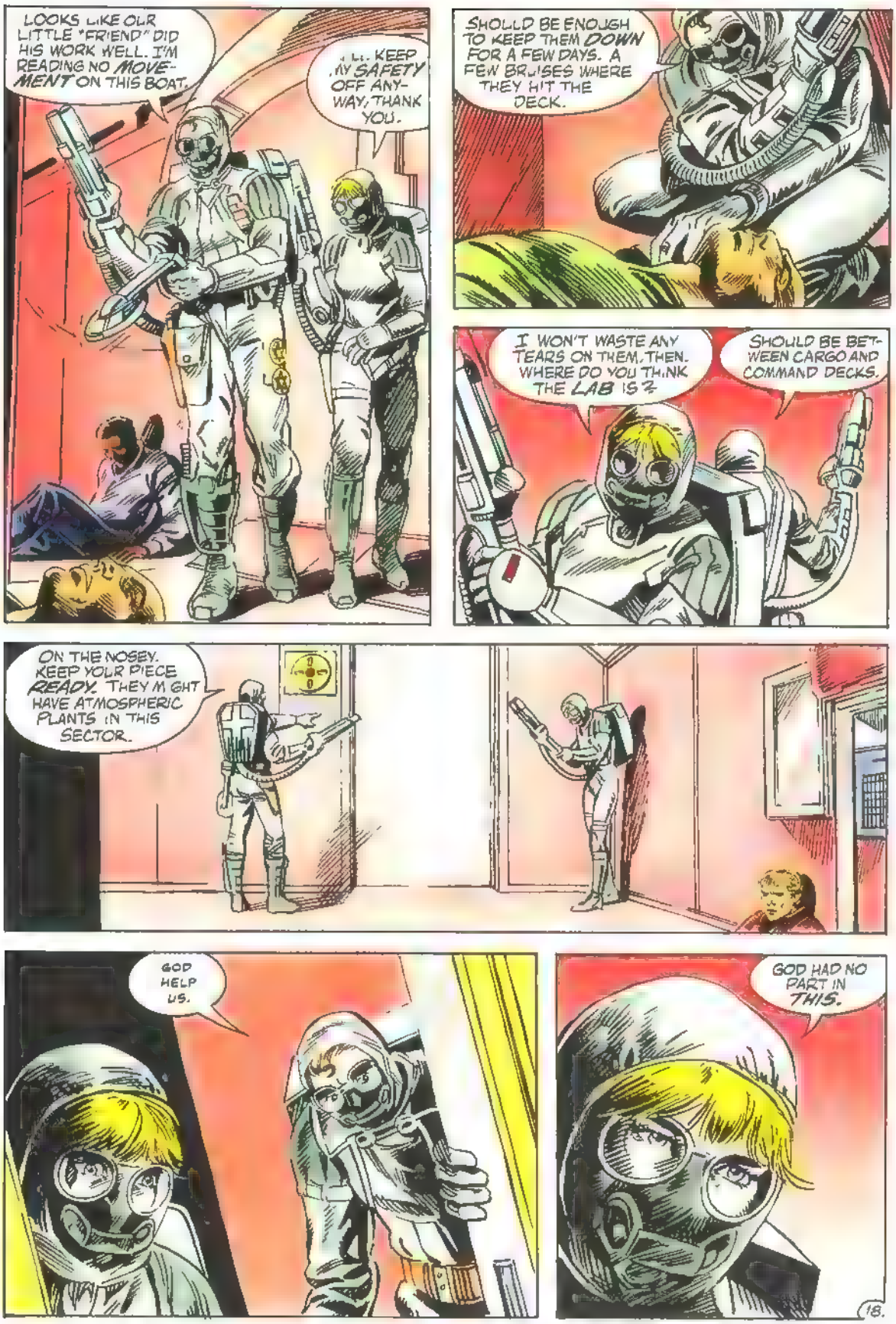


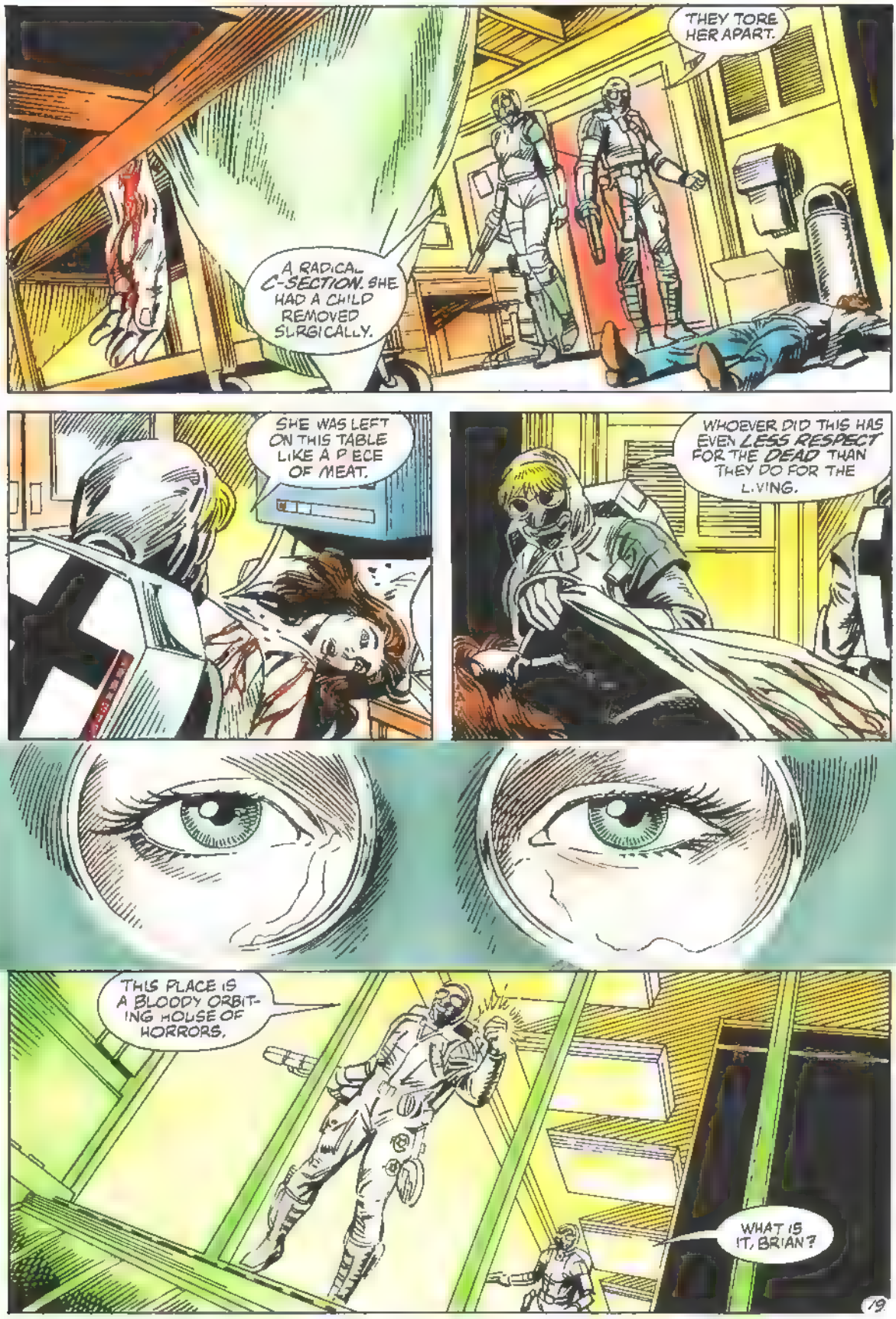




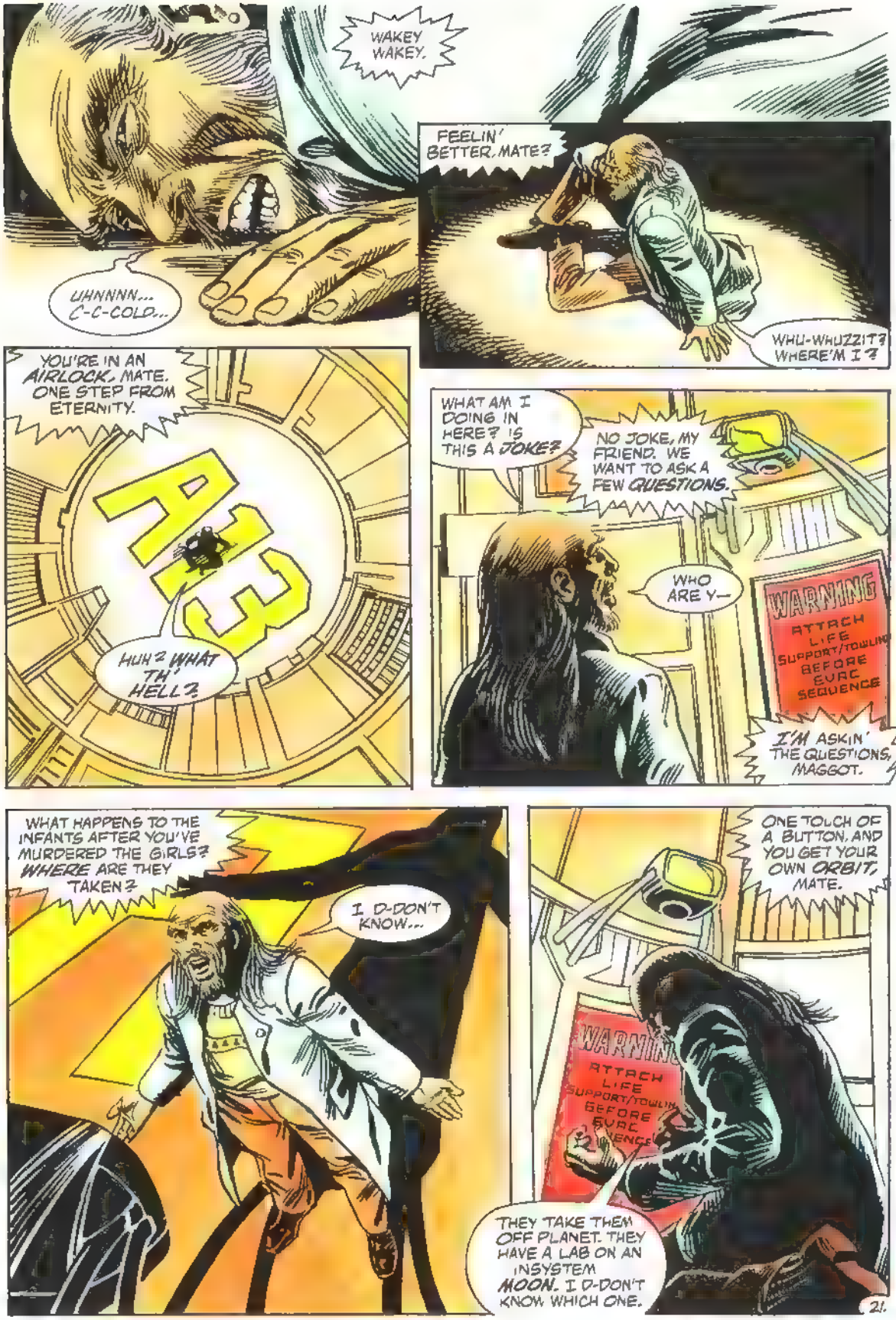

16.

SSSSS

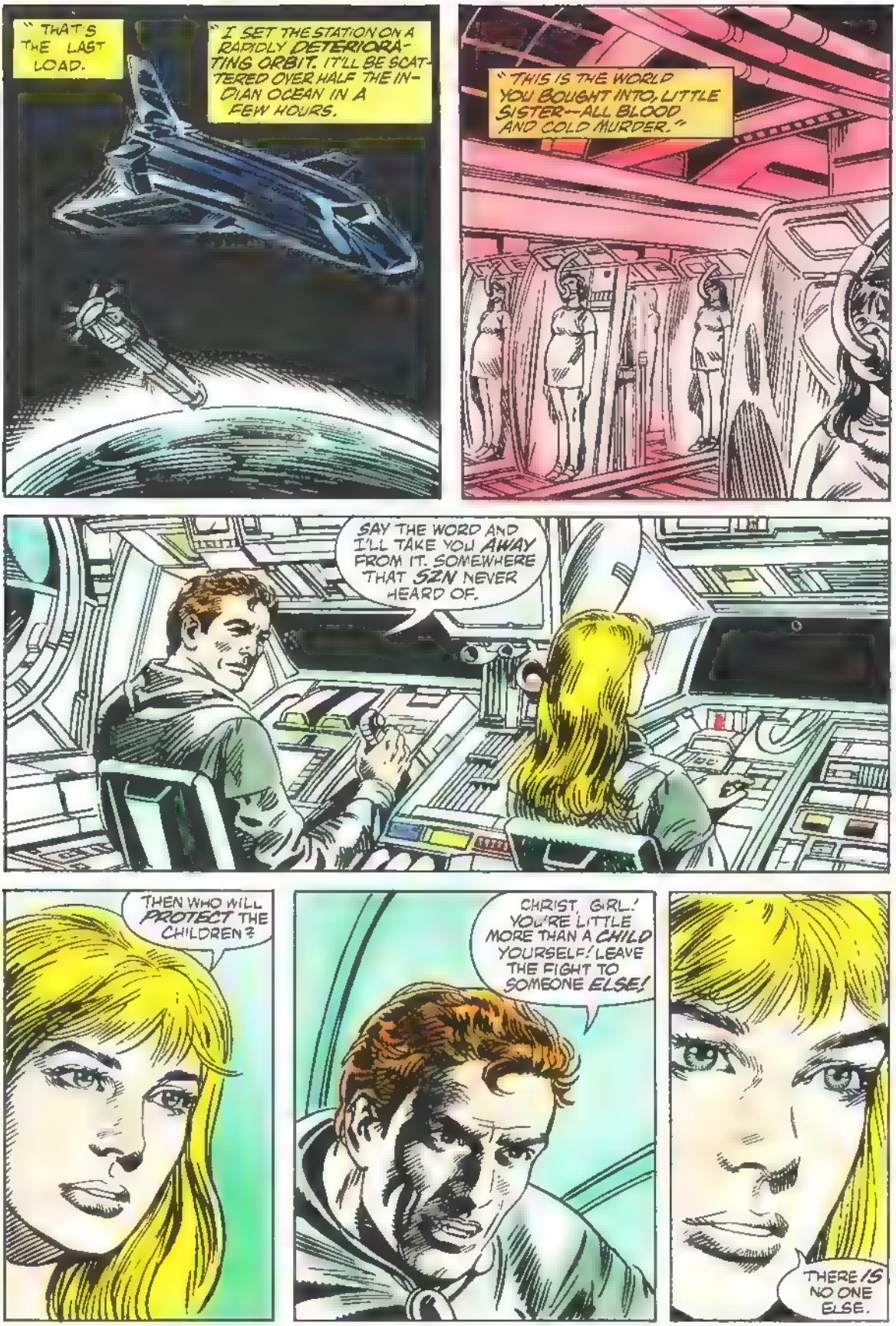

LOOKS LIKE OUR LITTLE "FRIEND" DID HIS WORK WELL. I'M READING NO MOVEMENT ON THIS BOAT.
...KEEP ANY SAFETY OFF ANYWAY, THANK YOU.
SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM DOWN FOR A FEW DAYS. A FEW BRUISES WHERE THEY HIT THE DECK.
I WON'T WASTE ANY TEARS ON THEM, THEN. WHERE DO YOU THINK THE LAB IS?
SHOULD BE BETWEEN CARGO AND COMMAND DECKS.
ON THE NOSEY. KEEP YOUR PIECE READY. THEY MIGHT HAVE ATMOSPHERIC PLANTS IN THIS SECTOR.
GOD HELP US.
GOD HAD NO PART IN THIS.


THEY TORE HER APART.
A RADICAL C-SECTION. SHE HAD A CHILD REMOVED SURGICALLY.
SHE WAS LEFT ON THIS TABLE LIKE A PIECE OF MEAT.
WHOEVER DID THIS HAS EVEN LESS RESPECT FOR THE DEAD THAN THEY DO FOR THE LIVING.
THIS PLACE IS A BLOODY ORBITING HOUSE OF HORRORS.
WHAT IS IT, BRIAN?

PREGNANT GIRLS, LINED UP LIKE BOOKS ON A SHELF.
OR COWS IN A STABLE. LET'S GO INSIDE.
THEY'RE ALIVE.
LOOK AT THE BRAIN PATTERNS--FLAT AS A SLATE. WHATEVER PURPOSE THEY PUT THESE GIRLS TO, THEY WEREN'T INTERESTED IN THEIR INTELLECTS.
BUT WHERE ARE THE KIDS? THERE'S NO SIGN OF THEM.
I'M BETTING THAT THIS ONE KNOWS. LET'S ENCOURAGE HIM TO TELL US.
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN MIND?


WAKEY WAKEY.
UHNNNN... C-C-COLD...
FEELIN' BETTER, MATE?
WHU-WHUZZIT? WHERE'M I?
YOU'RE IN AN AIRLOCK, MATE. ONE STEP FROM ETERNITY.
A13
HUH? WHAT TH' HELL?
WHAT AM I DOING IN HERE? IS THIS A JOKE?
NO JOKE, MY FRIEND. WE WANT TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS.
WHO ARE Y—
WARNING
ATTACH LIFE SUPPORT/TOWLIN BEFORE EVAC SEQUENCE
I'M ASKIN' THE QUESTIONS, MAGGOT.
WHAT HAPPENS TO THE INFANTS AFTER YOU'VE MURDERED THE GIRLS? WHERE ARE THEY TAKEN?
I D-DON'T KNOW...
ONE TOUCH OF A BUTTON, AND YOU GET YOUR OWN ORBIT, MATE.
ATTACH LIFE SUPPORT/TOWLIN BEFORE EVAC SEQUENCE
THEY TAKE THEM OFF PLANET. THEY HAVE A LAB ON AN INSYSTEM MOON. I D-DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE.

IT'S A EUGENICS EXPERIMENT. THE GIRLS WERE INSEMINATED WITH A SPECIALLY DESIGNED EMBRYO TO BE BROUGHT TO SIX MONTHS MATURATION.
THEN WE REMOVED TH-THEM...DON'T KILL ME...D-DON'T...
WHY DID YOU HAVE TO KILL THE GIRLS?
WHY?
THEY TOLD ME TO...
NO!
NOOO...
AT3


" THAT'S THE LAST LOAD.
" I SET THE STATION ON A RAPIDLY DETERIORATING ORBIT. IT'LL BE SCATTERED OVER HALF THE INDIAN OCEAN IN A FEW HOURS.
" THIS IS THE WORLD YOU BOUGHT INTO, LITTLE SISTER--ALL BLOOD AND COLD MURDER."
SAY THE WORD AND I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM IT. SOMEWHERE THAT SZN NEVER HEARD OF.
THEN WHO WILL PROTECT THE CHILDREN?
CHRIST, GIRL! YOU'RE LITTLE MORE THAN A CHILD YOURSELF! LEAVE THE FIGHT TO SOMEONE ELSE!
THERE IS NO ONE ELSE.

FIVE YEARS LATER.
"AND A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM." I FORGET WHO SAID THAT, BUT HE WAS DAMN SURE RIGHT.
ALL OF MAN'S ADVANCES IN COMPUTERS AND QUANTUM PHYSICS WERE LIKE FUMBLING IN THE DARK IN ONE AREA OF MAN'S GREAT LEAP TO THE STARS.
THE DIFFICULTY, SOME SAY THE IMPOSSIBILITY, OF NAVIGATING THE MYSTERIES OF HYPERSPACE.
HYPERSPACE -- A CONCEPT BEYOND THE MINDS OF OUR GREATEST SCIENTISTS, BEYOND EVEN THE COMBINED INTELLIGENCE OF ALL THE WORLD'S ARTIFICIAL THOUGHT MACHINES.
CERTAINLY BEYOND THE CAPABILITIES OF THE AVERAGE STAR PILOT.
WHO WOULD HAVE IMAGINED THAT THE ANSWER TO PILOTING THE UNKNOWABLE VASTNESS OF N-SPACE LAY WITH ONES THAT WE ONCE CALLED "IDIOTS?"
24

AT THE END OF THE LAST CENTURY, WE DISCOVERED THAT CERTAIN AUTISTICS--FOR REASONS BEYOND OUR UNDERSTANDING-- COULD PILOT OBJECTS THROUGH N-SPACE.
THESE EXTRAORDINARY INDIVIDUALS HAD THE ABILITY TO GRASP THE COMPLEXITIES OF THIS NETHER DIMENSION. AND WHILE AUTISTICS ARE RARE IN OUR SOCIETY--THOSE WITH THIS UNCANNY TALENT ARE EVEN MORE RARE.
SO FEW, IN FACT, THAT THE FUTURE OF INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL WAS IN JEOPARDY.
UNTIL THE BIRTH OF BILLY X.
BILLY X WAS THE MOST TALENTED OF WHAT SCIENTISTS BEGAN TO CALL "PARA-AUTISTICS."
TODAY WE SHOW YOU AN ACHIEVEMENT IN GENETIC SCIENCE THAT WILL ALLOW MAN TO MAKE THAT LAST EFFORT TO GAIN THE STARS!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...
...THE BIOCOM CORPORATION IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THEIR NEW LINE OF GENETICALLY REPLICATED BILLY X ASTROGATORS, EACH ENCODED WITH THE UNCANNY ABILITIES OF THE ORIGINAL BILLY X!

NEXT > RUTHLESS ANGEL

The CONFESSIONAL
c/o First Comics
435 North LaSalle Chicago IL 60610

Mr. Dixon,

All too often the news and entertainment industries have portrayed people with religious convictions as being ignorant and unsympathetic hypocrites. I wish to thank you and the entire Evangline team for not giving us an Elmer Gantry character but rather a heroine who has dedicated herself to defending her faith in a universe that has turned its back on God.

Ron Doak
204 Roca Place
Manitou Springs, CO

Religion, alas, seems to have about the same proportion of ignorant hypocrites to dedicated workers as any other slice of human endeavor. And you're right, it's easy to take cheap shots. What makes life, and stories, interesting is the dichotomies. Evangeline is a nun, but... Jonny Six is a thief, but...

Dear Ms. Fitch,

I have read Evangeline since the first Comico Premier appearance. I collect dozens of titles a month, discuss comics seriously with friends and have self published a few mini-comics.

I assume you consider yourself a comics professional. If so, you must have been embarrassed to put Evangeline #8 on the stands. The art is so amateurish it frustrates me to have paid $1.75 for it. Crudely drawn figures with poor proportion, no musculature and no backgrounds. A hack artist could whip this trash out in a week — and probably did.

I have always bought Evangeline without examining the interior before plunking down my money. Beginning with #9, I will have to read the book on the stand and then decide whether or not to buy it.

Larry E. Vecera
5213 Linden
Bellaire, TX 77401

And taking the opposing view point:

Dear Laurel,

First, let me congratulate you on finding the perfect art team for this book. John Statema and Jim Bauer work excellently together. They have given Evangeline visual excitement.

Evangeline #8 was a perfect recap on her origin. The mystery of her is lifted and we get a good look at how she was before the training and after.

Charles Dixon always did know how to write a good story.

Don't bring back Ricardo Villagran. I personally don't like his inks and they aren't right for this book.

Eric Buscher
11515 Mtn. Laurel Drive
Roswell, GA 30075

*Glad you liked the story. Well, with this issue you've seen **Ricardo Villagran's** inks over **John Statema's** pencils — what are your thoughts now?*

Dear People,

The conclusion to the Wonderstar two-parter in #7 was very effective. It was an exciting and suspenseful adventure but was also quite

"Evangeline #8 was a perfect recap on her origin. The mystery... is lifted and we get a good look at how she was before the training and after."

"It is undertones and conflicts such as these that add a greater tension and depth to [Evangline #7]. It is not just a contest of power but also a contention of wills and philosophies."

appropriate as a story for this mag, with its religious connections.

The schemes of Wonderstar's computer, Joseph, were quite horrific from a secular standpoint. Killing people and controlling them as the first step to world domination is repulsive from any viewpoint. That this should be done in the name of "serving" humankind is but another reminder of how good intentions can be corrupted — or, alternately, how corrupt goals can be disguised so that they purport to have good intentions. But from a religious standpoint, matters were even worse. From a religious viewpoint, immortality is not to be prized. (Whereas from an atheistic viewpoint, immortality is perhaps the *only* prize.) Not only is immortality contrary to God's plan — to the natural order of things — but it denies the opportunity to seek the afterlife, where the ultimate fate of the soul is determined and revealed. On the flip side of that, Joseph's "mind slaves" are mortal beings without a soul (since they are killed and then brought back to life "artificially.") They then become unnatural and, perhaps, more importantly, pointless beings — for what is the purpose of life if there is no soul to be guided along its eternal path?

It is undertones and conflicts such as these that add a greater tension and depth to the proceedings. It is not just a contest of power but also a contention of wills and philosophies. And the philosophy comes into this issue most strongly at the end, as Joseph is in his (its?) death throes. Despite his unholy crusade (if I may call it that) against the Catholic Church, Joseph still shows an interest (and an indecision) in God. This perhaps mirrors the strong human desire to know the unknown (or the unknowable) and also to perpetuate one's existence even beyond the termination of life as we know it.

This scene is also nicely revealing of Evangeline herself. While perhaps no deep theologian, her responses to Joseph shows that she has an appreciation of the greater and deeper issues that are involved. Her attitude to these matters may be rather tough and abrupt (she's very big on retribution and just rewards) but her words tell us that she acknowledges their existence and importance.

Finally, I guess Tyson's final realization that he was but a pawn of Joseph could be viewed symbolically, too. Do we have control over our own destinies and, if so, how much control? Are we fabrications, "real" or "artificial," of some greater power? Or are we dreams? And what then of the dreamer?

Oh, I almost forgot. Next time, I hope you can find a gun that is a bit *bigger*! I mean, the one Evangeline used to destroy Joseph was, well, kind of *ordinary*, eh?

T.M. Maple
Box 1272, Station B
Weston, Ontario
Canada M9L 2R9

NEXT ISSUE: The hunt has taken five long years, but Evangeline has finally found the "Billy X's." Now her only problem is — how to get them out! By **Chuck Dixon**, **John Statema** and **Ricardo Villagran**.

— *Laurel Fitch*